THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

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OF

TELEMACHUS.

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THE

ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

Attempted in

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,

FROM THE

Archbiſhop of *CAMBRAY.*

LONDON:

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TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Prince of *Wales*.

SIR,

S TELEMACHUS was originally calculated, by its noble Author, for a Prince's Entertainment, I presume the Translation

on

on will not be unacceptable to your Royal Highneſs: It had been an Injury to the Archbiſhop of CAMABRAY's Memory, to have choſen a Patronage for his Poem, leſs illuſtrious, or leſs ſuitable to its Dignity, as it had been an Affront to your Royal Highneſs, to preſent a Work of ſuch a Nature, and Importance, to any other Patronage whatever.

THE Whole is ſuch a Profuſion of Beauties, ſuch a Fund of Morality, and ſuch an Encouragement to Virtue, that I can't

can't in the leaſt queſtion, but your Royal Highneſs will be as ready to receive TELEMACHUS, to the Honour of your Patronage, as I to prefer him.

A Prince, like your Royal Highneſs, will indiſputably be pleas'd with ſuch an Appeal to his Judgment, will be charm'd with an Opportunity of doing Honour to one of the greateſt Names among the Moderns, and of encouraging the Muſes in General with his Favour.

IT has been obſerv'd, that Arts and Empire have always flouriſh'd

flouriſh'd together in their greateſt Perfection; and, as 'tis the Hope of a whole Nation, that your Reign, whenever it commences, will be for the Happineſs and Glory of your People, Learning, and Science, can do no leſs than depend on your Protection and Beneficence. I am,

With moſt profound Reſpect,
May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs,
Your Royal Highneſs's
Moſt Obedient, moſt Dutiful,
And moſt Humble Servant.

PREFACE.

A Tranſlation of TELEMACHUS, into *Engliſh* Verſe, has been ſo long, and ſo univerſally deſir'd, that, if this is, in any Degree, worthy of the Original, we cannot in the leaſt queſtion its Succeſs - - - Theſe two Books are publiſh'd only by Way of Specimen, and are ſubmitted intirely to the private Judgment of every impartial and underſtanding Reader; if they have the good Fortune to pleaſe, the Remainder will be publiſh'd in Numbers, 'till the Whole is finiſh'd: If they are condemn'd, neither the Tranſlator, nor his Work, will be heard of any more; he has too much

a Mo-

Modeſty to diſpute the publick Opinion, and too much Caution to riſque his Character, a ſecond Time, on what is generally diſapproved.

The Intent of this Preface is only to inſinuate, that, as the Author wrote the Original in Proſe, it may be preſum'd he took greater Liberties in Thought and Expreſſion, than is conſiſtent with the Severity of Verſe; for which Reaſon, ſome little Particulars, that never could be made Poetry in *Engliſh*, are omitted, and others are as much varied as the Author's Senſe would give Leave. Theſe Circumſtances are not mention'd to byaſs the Reader's Judgment, but only to prepare him for ſome minute Deviations from the Original, which otherwiſe might give him a Diſtaſte for what was intended to the Advantage of the *Engliſh*, tho' none but the illuſtrious Author himſelf could ever dream of mending the *French* TELEMACHUS.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, *conducted by* Minerva *in the Diſguiſe of* Mentor, *is ſhipwreck'd on the Iſland of the Goddeſs* Calypſo; *ſhe receives him with Kindneſs and Hoſpitality, by Degrees grows in Love with his Perſon, and deſires a Relation of his Adventures. He informs her of their Voyage to* Pylos, Sparta, *and* Sicily; *the Storm they were diſtreſs'd in by the Way, their Dangers in* Sicily, *and Embarking on board a* Phenician *Ship to return Home to* Ithaca.

STILL fond *Calypſo*, penſive and forlorn,
Mourn'd her *Ulyſſes'* loſs, and, in the Rack,
And Anguiſh of her Sorrow, curs'd the Fate
That doom'd her to Eternity of Woe:

No more her Grotto echo'd to her Voice
The Strain of Gods; far off, with ſilent Awe,
Her mute Attendants liſten'd to her Plaints;
And oft alone ſhe wander'd o'er the Green,
That verg'd her happy Iſle, beneath the Smiles
Of an eternal Spring: But ev'ry Charm
Now bloom'd in vain, and ev'ry beauteous Scene
Renew'd th' Idea of her former Joys - - -
For there *Ulyſſes* lov'd the Hours away.

- - Sometimes ſhe paus'd to weep - - - then turn'd anew
Her wat'ry Eye to view th' unbounded Deep,
Where laſt her Lover's Veſſel plough'd the Waves:
Here, while ſhe gaz'd, emerging from the Foam,
The Fragments of a Bark, on Ruin daſh'd,
A dire Confuſion! Timbers, Oars, and Sails
Came driving with the Wind, and, on the Surge,
Rowl'd hideous to the Shore - - - Anon ſhe ſpy'd
Two Men who rode on the remoter Waves,
And labour'd for the Land: On one the Froſt
Of hoary Age had ſhed its ſilver Down;
The other glow'd with all *Ulyſſes'* Charms,
Ulyſſes blooming in the Prime of Youth!
An equal Sweetneſs ſmil'd upon his Lip,
And equal Majeſty, the Boaſt of Kings,
Adorn'd his Mein - - - Inſtant the Goddeſs knew
Telemachus, her darling Hero's Joy!

But,

But, tho' the leſſer Gods in Wiſdom far
Exceed the wiſeſt Men, in vain ſhe ſtrove
To recollect the venerable Sage;
For Heav'n's ſupreme Inhabitants, have Pow'r
To ſhade their Glories from inferiour Ken,
And great *Minerva*, who, in *Mentor*'s Shape,
Attended the illuſtrious Youth, obſcur'd
Her heav'nly Features from *Calypſo*'s Gaze.

Mean time the Goddeſs, raptur'd that the Storm,
With friendly Wing, had borne *Ulyſſes*' Son,
His Image to her Coaſt, aſſum'd the Brow
Of ſtern Severity, and awful Pride,
To hide the ſecret Tranſports of her Heart;
While thus ſhe welcom'd him to Land - - - Raſh
Youth!
How dar'ſt thou, Stranger as thou art, preſume
To enter this forbidden Iſle? prepare
To ſuffer all thy Arrogance deſerves;
For none unpuniſh'd touch this fatal Shore.

- - - The Prince reply'd; Oh Pow'r, what e'er
you are
An heav'nly Goddeſs, or an earthly Queen,
(But ſure your Eyes proclaim you all divine)
Can a Son's Sorrow reach your Heart in vain?
Who, ſadly roaming o'er the World to ſeek
His abſent Sire, wreck'd by the Winds and Waves,

Is forc'd an helpleſs Suppliant to your Strand.
The great *Ulyſſes* is the Sire I ſeek,
One of the League of Kings, whoſe hoſtile Pow'rs
Maintain'd a ten Years toilſome Siege beneath
Proud *Iliums'* Walls, and ſaw her higheſt Tow'rs
Low-levell'd with their Baſe - - His Name extends
Thro' *Greece*, and ev'n to *Aſia*'s utmoſt Bound;
Glory attends his Valour in the Field,
His Wiſdom knows no Parallel - - - But now,
Begirt with Dangers infinite, he roams
Thro' foreign Seas to ſeek his native Land;
His native Land, like the gray ev'ning Cloud,
Beguiles his Chace, and ſeems to fly away:
Penelope, his weeping Wife, deſpairs
To ſee him more; and I run a like Round
Of Ills to find a Father - - - Wretched me!
Perhaps ev'n now he's whelm'd beneath the Surge,
And the whole Ocean rages o'er his Head.
Oh! Goddeſs hear and pity our Diſtreſs,
And, if you know the wand'ring Hero's Fate,
Diſdain not to inform his wretched Son.

Calypſo, loſt in Pity, and Surprize,
Stood ſilent, gazing with inſatiate View
On his inchanting Form, and, in her Mind,
Revolv'd the Magick of his Tongue; the Bloom
Of roſy Youth, with aged Wiſdom's Lore
Adorn'd, to make a Prodigy of both.

At

At laſt ſhe thus reply'd; Prince you ſhall know
Your Father's Fate; but, ſince the Tale is long,
And your late Toils require a due Repoſe,
Come to my Grot, I'll treat you as a Son;
Come to conſole my ſolitary Hours,
And live in Pleaſure, if your Soul can taſte
The Pleaſure in a Godhead's Pow'r to grant.

---She ceas'd, and led the Way; around her throng'd
A Croud of faireſt Nymphs, proud to attend
Their Queen, who, like the talleſt Pine whoſe Boughs
O'erſhade the Grove below, majeſtick roſe,
Superiour to her Train. The royal Youth,
With wonder hung upon her Charms, admir'd
Her purple Robe, in richeſt Tincture dy'd,
And graceful floating on the Gale; her Hair,
That careleſs waving down her iv'ry Neck,
In Ringlets looſely play'd; her radiant Eyes,
The Heav'n of Sweetneſs, and the Source of Fire!
Behind ſage *Mentor*, gazing on the Ground,
In modeſt Silence waited on his Lord.

The heav'nly Grot, a Goddeſs's Retreat!
Struck the young Hero's Soul, with ev'ry Charm,
That lures the Eye, or wins the Heart; yet plain,
And ſimply rural as if Nature's Hand

Had

Had form'd the whole. No figur'd Gold emboſs'd
The Roof, no marble Columns propt the Frame,
No Painting hung the Walls, no Statues grac'd
The lonely Iſles; but, vaulted thro' the Rock,
The Grotto various ran, incruſted o'er
With mountain Chryſtal, and adorn'd with Shells;
For Tapiſtry the Vine its Branches ſpread,
And winding curl'd its Tendrils all around:
Here *Zephyr* cool'd his Wings, and fann'd the Air
With balmy Odours; down, with endleſs Flow,
A Stream of pureſt Water murm'ring ran,
Melodious Muſick! thro' the Vales below,
The Vales with Amaranths and Violets bloom'd!
And oft, dilating to a liquid Smooth,
The clear Stream form'd a glaſſy Lake, and call'd
The ſun-burnt Nymphs to bathe. Unnumber'd Flow'rs
Embroider'd all the green Turfe round; a Grove,
Enrich'd with golden Fruitage, crown'd the Fields,
And bloom'd with Flow'rs, thro' ev'ry Seaſon, ſweet
Beyond compare; between the mid-day Sun
It threw impenetrable Gloom, and made
The Day as brown as Ev'ning; ev'ry Branch
Was bleſt with *Sylvan* Muſick; thro' the Wood
The headlong Torrents, tumbling from the Rocks,
Perpetual thunder'd, and with furious Tide,
Impatient foaming, hurried to the Meads.

-- Above the Grotto roſe a beauteous Hill,
From whence the Goddeſs view'd the Ocean Wave:
Now, calm, ſerene, and ſmooth, it ſlumb'ring ſmil'd,
A bright Expanſe of Ruin! now, provok'd
By ſtormy Gales, it rouzes into Rage,
And, with enormous Swell, like Mountains heap'd,
Burſts on the Shore tremendous -- Hence ſhe ſaw
A chryſtal River rolling to the Main,
And widening as it roll'd; in the mid Stream
A Length of little Iſlands green'd the Flood,
And bent their bord'ring Poplars to the Breeze:
Between the Iſles the various Currents ſeem'd
In Sport to wanton with their Waves; ſome ſwift,
And raging, ruſh'd impetuous to the Main,
And ſome, in gentle Windings gliding ſoft,
Ebb'd ſilent, turning oft to kiſs the Shores
They lov'd -- Beyond, to end the Landſcape, roſe
A Range of Mountains, dimly tipt with Blue,
Or wreath'd amid a Duſk of Clouds; a Scene
For Fancy's Gaze, and Contemplation's Haunt!

-- The nearer Hills were richly clad with Vines,
Whoſe purple Fruit, too weighty for the Bough,
Swell'd to the View, and, with a nobler Dye,
Diverſify'd the Green, the nobleſt Trees
Of ev'ry Clime imparadic'd the Soil,
And, like a Garden, bleſs'd the champain Field.

This

This Scene of Beauty, with a curious Eye,
Survey'd, *Calypſo* ſaid, retire my Prince
To this adjoining Cell, and ſleep away
The Mem'ry of your Toils; when next we meet,
The winged Hour muſt waſte in ſuch a Tale,
As nearly will affect your Soul - - - The Gueſts,
Retiring, found the neat Apartment fum'd
With the ſweet Fragrance of a Cedar Blaze,
And all that hoſpitable Care could give,
In neceſſary Change of freſh Array:
The youthful Hero, with an eager Eye,
Beheld the ſnowy Veſt, the purple Robe,
In richeſt Texture damaſk'd o'er with Gold,
And, ſuited to his Years, felt a briſk Flow
Of Pleaſure heave his Heart, at the glad View
Of ſuch profuſe Magnifence of Dreſs.
When *Mentor*, with ſtern *Wiſdom*'s Voice and Brow,
Began - - Are theſe, *Telemachus*, the Joys
That thus ſhould rapture great *Ulyſſes*' Son?
O! rather ſtrive, with Energy of Soul,
To emulate your Sire, and greatly learn
To vanquiſh Fortune, and deſpiſe her Rage:
The idle Youth, who wantonly affects
The dreſſing Foibles of the female Heart,
Can ne'er deſerve or Wiſdom, or Renown:
The Soul, that ſhrinks from Pain, or fondly woos
The Lure of Pleaſure, ſinks beneath the Joys

Of

Of Bleſſings ſo ſublime----Sighing, the Prince
Return'd, May the great Gods in Anger end
My Being, e'er I plunge in ſenſual Bliſs:
No, never be it ſaid *Ulyſſes'* Son
Was lull'd to Ruin by its treach'rous Charms.

--But, ſure, by Heav'n's high Favour, we receive
The timely Bounties of this happy Shore,
From the fair Giver's hoſpitable Hand,
T' atone the late dire Horrors of the Storm.

-- Tremble, the Sage return'd, leſt her fond Arts
At laſt betray you to a Maze of Woe;
Dread more th' enchanting Magick of her Smiles,
Than the mad Ocean foaming o'er the Rocks
In Chace of Death; Death, and the burſting Bark
Are far leſs dang'rous, than the flatt'ring Joys,
That ſnare bright Virtue from her Road: Beware
Of liſt'ning to the Muſick of her Voice:
Youth is preſuming, arrogant, and vain,
Yet frail as Ice, and faint as Summer Gales;
It builds the World upon its Strength, and truſts
It ſhall abide the Baſe; fearleſs, and fond
It courts the ſubtleſt Artifice of Fraud,
And gives the Breath of Caution to the Wind:
Again beware of ſmooth *Calypſo's* Voice;
Her Words are Poiſon, with an eaſy Glide,
Like Serpents, lurking in a Wreath of Flow'rs,

They ſteal into the Heart, and, while they pleaſe,
Deſtroy. Then dread the ſecret Bane, diſtruſt
Your own Experience, and depend on mine.

Now, from their Toil refreſh'd, again they ſought
Th' impatient Goddeſs, waiting their Return.
Inſtant a beauteous Train of blooming Nymphs,
With braided Ringlets, and in White array'd,
Serv'd in the Banquet, elegantly plain,
The Choice of every rural Delicate,
The Bow's Deſtruction, and the Fowler's Spoil!
The golden Goblet, wreath'd with Flow'rs o'erflow'd
With pureſt Wine, inſpiring ſocial Joy:
The Fruits of ev'ry Seaſon, all the Spring
Awakes to Being, or the Autumn Sun
Matures, profuſely crown'd the ſweet Repaſt;
While four young Virgins tun'd their trembling Lyres,
And ſung an heav'nly Lay: The Giants War
Againſt the Gods they ſung, the Loves of *Jove*
With *Semele* the fair, her luckleſs End;
The Birth of *Bacchus*; *Atalanta*'s Race
With young *Hippomenes*, who won the Maid
By glitt'ring in her Eyes a golden Bait.
And laſt the *Trojan* War, *Ulyſſes*' Toils,
His Wiſdom, Valour, and, with nobleſt Strain,
Of ſolemn Muſick, wing'd his Praiſe to Heav'n.

-- When

-- When the young Hero heard his Father nam'd,
The ſtreaming Tears, with ſpeedy flow, roll'd down
His roſy Cheeks, improving every Charm:
Calypſo ey'd the Change his Agony
Had caus'd, and check'd the moving Strain---The Fight
Between the *Lapithæ* and *Centaur* Race,
Employ'd the vary'd Lay, and the Deſcent
Of hapleſs *Orpheus*, ſweet Muſician! down
To *Pluto*'s Empire to redeem his Bride.

The Banquet done, *Calypſo* to the Prince
Thus ſecretly began---Illuſtrious Son
Of great *Ulyſſes!* ſee what dear Reſpect
Shall honour your Abode with us. In me
Behold a Goddeſs; with ſevereſt Hand
I puniſh all who raſhly dare to tread
This ſacred Iſle, and was not all my Soul
Enamour'd of your Form, not ev'n your Wreck
Should ſave you; your ungrateful Sire enjoy'd
An equal Happineſs-- But he, alas!
Abſurdly loſt th' ineſtimable Boon:
Long I detain'd him in this Heav'n of Bliſs,
And brib'd him with Eternity of Days;
But ev'n Eternity was vainly urg'd:
A fooliſh Paſſion for his native Land,
Lur'd him away from all the Joys I gave;

What a vaſt Purchace has the Wand'rer chang'd
For wretched *Ithaca* in vain? In vain;
For, when diſdaining me, he ſpread his Sails
To quit this happy Shore, I rouz'd the Winds
In Vengeance from their Caves, and bid them rage
Athwart the Main; toſs'd in the madding Storm
His Bark drove furious, 'till the burſting Wave
O'er-whelm'd it in the Deeps below. Be warn'd
By this ſad Fate, for 'tis a fruitleſs Hope
To ſee your Father more, or ev'n ſucceed
To his deſerted Throne; forget his Loſs,
And with a ſuppliant Goddeſs yield to reign.

-- To this ſhe added the deluſive Tale
Of idle Joys, ſo long indulg'd his Sire;
Then told his Dangers in the *Cyclop's* Den,
The Rage of dire *Antiphates*, the Spells
Of Sun-born *Circe*, and the dreaded Roar
Of *Sylla*, and *Charybdis*: Laſt ſhe told
Anew the various Horrors of the Storm,
That ſeiz'd him wand'ring from her dear Embrace,
As his laſt Scene of Sorrow; but conceal'd
His landing ſafe on the *Pheacian* Iſle.

-- The Prince, who had too freely giv'n his Soul
To Joy, at fond *Calypſo's* pleaſing Lore,
Now ſaw, with piercing Eye, her wily Arts,
And *Mentor's* Wiſdom warning to beware.

-- Oh

--Oh Goddeſs, he return'd, excuſe the Grief,
Too mighty for controul, that now corrodes
My Heart; an happier Hour may tune my Thoughts
To Love's ſweet Influence, and aſſuage my Pain:
Permit me now to mourn my Father's Fate,
For you, who beſt diſcern'd the Hero's Worth,
Can beſt declare how much we ought to mourn--

--No more the Goddeſs dar'd renew her Suit;
But, feigning Simpathy in Woe, appear'd
With equal Anguiſh griev'd--Mean time, to wind
Into his Heart with unſuſpected Fraud,
She begg'd to hear the Manner of his Wreck,
And what Misfortune urg'd him on her Shore:
Too tedious, he reply'd, will be the Tale
Of ſuch a Length of Woe: Again ſhe begg'd
The fatal Story; pleaded Pain to know,
And forc'd th' unwilling Hero to the Toil.

--T' enquire my Father's Fortune, of the Chiefs
Return'd with Glory from the Wars of *Troy*,
I ſpread my Sails, and left my native Land:
Secret we ſteer'd away, leſt the baſe Train,
That woo'd my Mother to deſert her Lord,
By wily Fraud, ſhould ruin my Deſign.
But vain was all my Toil, the *Pylean* Sage,
And *Spartan* Prince, knew not the Wand'rer's Road.
Tir'd of the fruitleſs Labour, I reſolv'd

To

To croſs the Waves to the *Sicilian* Shore,
Whither the Breath of Fame had ſaid my Sire
Was driv'n, by boiſt'rous Gales: But Wiſdom ſpoke
In *Mentor*'s Voice, my venerable Guide,
T' oppoſe the raſh Deſign: With friendly Care
He warn'd me of the hideous *Cyclop* Race,
A monſt'rous Brood! who live but to deſtroy;
Told me *Æneas* led the *Trojan* Fleet along
Sicilia's Coaſt, and that *Ulyſſes*' Son
Could ne'er eſcape the Vengeance long decreed
His Sire: Then to your native Iſle, my Prince!
Said he, return; th' immortal Gods, who love
Your Father, haply will again reſtore
Him to his Throne: But, if he never more
Attain that Grace, and Death's cold Hand extend
His friendleſs Reliques on a foreign Shore,
Return to right your widow'd Mother's Wrongs,
To hurl Revenge on the deteſted Brood,
Who dar'd to rival ſuch a Hero's Bed;
To bleſs your People with a Father's Love,
And make the *Grecian* Chiefs, with Wonder, own
Your Merit equal to your Sire's. His Words
Were wiſe, his Voice was Honour; but my Youth,
Inflam'd with Paſſion, urg'd me heedleſs on
To ruſh on Ruin, with a wild Career.
Mentor, who fondly pardon'd all my Faults,
And lov'd me more than Frailty could deſerve,

Riſqu'd

Riſqu'd all the Dangers I ſo raſhly dar'd,
And all the Woes, th' immortal Gods, in Wrath
Decreed, to puniſh my licentious Will.

--While thus the Prince went on, *Calypſo* ey'd
The rev'rend Sage with earneſt Gaze, ſurpriz'd,
Aſtoniſh'd to behold the latent Marks
Of Deity conceal'd, yet ſtill confus'd,
Uncertain in her Gueſs, ſhe dubious ſate,
And half uneaſy, that he ſtill unknown
Eluded her Deſire to know: At laſt,
Unwilling to expoſe her anxious Mind,
She veil'd her Troubles with an artful Calm,
And feign'd profound Attention to the Tale.

--The Prince proceeded; with a happy Breeze
Awhile we ſail'd for the *Sicilian* Strand,
And bleſs'd the flatt'ring Joy; but ſoon, all black,
A gloomy Tempeſt veil'd the Face of Heav'n,
And, with a Night of Darkneſs, choak'd the Air;
The Light'ning Glimpſe, that intermiſſive flaſh'd
Along the Sky, a Moment's tranſient Day!
Diſclos'd a broken Navy, ſcatter'd round
In like Extremity of Woe: This was
The Fleet we fear'd, the hoſtile Force of *Troy*,
Which threaten'd equal Danger with the Storm.
Then my raſh Folly, all too late I mourn'd,
That blinded Reaſon's Eye, and led my Soul

Aſtray

Aſtray - - *Mentor* intrepid, and ſerene,
In the mid Danger of the loudeſt Blaſt,
The hugeſt Wave, ſpoke the kind Words of Peace
To my tormented Thought, and kindled all
The native Courage I could boaſt - - 'Twas he
That rid the frantick Pilot of his Fears,
And ſav'd the helpleſs Veſſel when his Skill
Had fail'd - - O my lov'd Guardian! I exclaim'd
How could my vagrant Soul ſo blindly roam,
From the wiſe Precepts of your timely Care?
How luckleſs is the Fate of erring Youth?
Without th' Experience of preceeding Times,
Or ſage Foreknowledge of the Woes to come:
Raſh, and intemp'rate in the Midſt of Ill,
And plunging deeper down for more - - If e'er
We ſcape this threat'ning Danger, I'll diſtruſt
My own Reſolves, and ſtill depend on your's.

- - *Mentor*, in ſmiles, reply'd; No more I blame
The Errors of your Youth, when you diſcern
Their Bane, and nobly labour to ſubdue
Each ruinous Deſire. Haply, when Peace
Again ſhall ſmooth the Deep, again your Pride
May lord it o'er your Soul, and drive you on
To other Dangers yet involv'd in Clouds:
If ſo, recall your Courage to your Aid,
For, tho' 'tis Duty to foreſee and ſhun
Our Woes, when once the Storm comes ruſhing on,
We

We ſhould deſpiſe its Rage. Then be your ſelf,
Be great *Ulyſſes'* Son, and dare your Fate
With Fortitude ſuperiour to your Woes.

--My Soul was charm'd with *Mentor's* mild Reproof
And Nobleneſs of Soul; his Wiſdom claim'd
Like Admiration, when, with dextrous Art,
He ſav'd us from our *Trojan* Foes: Around
Their dreaded Navy hem'd us with a Ring
Of Death--But he, whoſe piercing Eye diſcern'd
The leaſt Advantage, ſaw one hoſtile Bark,
At Diſtance drove, the Likeneſs of our own,
Save that her Stern was deck'd with Wreaths of Flow'rs;
Inſtant the Sage compos'd a like Feſtoon,
And with like Ribbands hung it in the Wind;
Low bow'd the ſweating Seamen to their Oars,
By his Command, t' elude the *Trojan* Gaze:
Thus, guarded by his Wile, we ſafely paſs'd
The threaten'd Danger; while the Sons of *Troy*
With Shouts, like Thunder, fill'd the Air, to ſee
Their fancy'd Friends rejoin their Fleet. The Winds,
Still raging, drove us many a League along,
Encircled with our Foes; at laſt we ſlack'd
Our Sails, and, while before the Blaſt they drove
On *Africk's* dreary Coaſt, inceſſant toil'd
For the next Haven, on *Sicilia's* Strand.

-- We reach'd the deſtin'd Port; but found the Shore
As fatal as the Deep. *Aceſtes* reign'd
In *Sicily*, and ev'ry *Trojan* lives
A Foe to *Greece*. Soon as we landed, down
The barb'rous People ruſh'd, in haſte to ſlay
Th' Invaders of their Iſle: Soon flam'd our Ship
To Heav'n, and our dead Seamen ſtain'd the Shore
With wreaking Blood. *Mentor* and I were ſpar'd,
T' inform *Aceſtes* what was our Deſign,
And whence we ſpread our Sails - - - Like meaneſt Slaves
We now were hurried to the King; our Doom
Deferr'd, 'till Knowledge of our native Land
Should make our Deaths more horrible, the Scene
Of hideous Vengeance to our direſt Foes!

Aceſtes, graſping in his kingly Hand
The golden Emblem of imperial Pow'r,
Sate to diſtribute Juſtice, and prefer
A ſolemn Off'ring to th' immortal Gods:
He aſk'd, with rigid Voice, what Country claim'd
Our Birth, and why we ſought *Sicilia*'s Strand:
Mentor reply'd: From great *Heſperia*'s Coaſt
We ſail'd, the Region bord'ring on our own;
With Care avoiding wiſely to confeſs
The *Grecian* Name - - The Monarch would attend

No

No more, but fancying our Reſerve conceal'd
Some ill Deſign, condemn'd us to be Slaves
To ruſtick Swains, and watch the grazing Herds.

- - To me this terrible Decree appear'd
More hideous far than Death - - Aloud I cry'd,
O King recall thy Doom, and let us dye;
Dye rather, than with Infamy ſuſtain
A Life of Woe - - I am *Ulyſſes'* Son,
Telemachus my Name; I ſeek my Sire
Thro' ev'ry Region; if th' immortal Gods
Refuſe to bleſs my Toil, and I ne'er ſee
My native Land again, rather than live
In baſeſt Bondage, name me with the Dead.

Scarce had I ſpoke, when all the Tribes around
With Rage exclaim'd, die! die! *Ulyſſes'* Son
Should die the Victim for his Father's Guilt!

- - Prince, ſaid the Monarch, I no more refuſe
The Boon you crave; you die a Sacrifice
T'appeaſe the *Manes* of the *Trojan* Bands,
That wander *Pluto*'s Regions, crying loud
Ulyſſes ſent them there - - Another roſe,
Adviſing we, the Victims, ſhould be ſlain
On old *Anchiſes'* Tomb; the Hero's Shade,
Said he, with Pleaſure will attend the Pomp,
And great *Æneas*, when he hears the Tale,

In the full Tranſport of paternal Love,
Will glory in the Honours paid his Sire,
Who claim'd the tend'reſt Paſſions of his Soul.

-- The Motion, with Applauſe was heard, and loud
The People ſhouted to effect the Deed:
On to the Hero's Tomb we march'd along
In holy Triumph, where two Altars ſmoak'd
With hallow'd Fires, and all the cruel Rites
Of Sacrifice began; the ſacred Knife
Was brought with awful Horror; Garlands crown'd
Our Temples, and ev'n Mercy's Voice appear'd
To plead in vain: When *Mentor*, ſtill ſerene,
Deſir'd a Moment's Converſe with the King,
Which granted he began -- *Aceſtes*, hear:
If Length of Sorrow, and a thouſand Ills,
Can't ſave the young *Telemachus* from Death,
Telemachus who ne'er imbru'd his Arms
With *Trojan* Blood; if Youth and Sorrow plead
In vain, let your own Int'reſt ſpare his Blood,
And for his Services prolong his Days:
My Preſcience of Events to come, and Heav'n's
Almighty Will, forebodes that, e'er three Suns
Have roll'd their Glories down the weſtern Skies,
A barb'rous People, like a mighty Flood,
From upright Mountains, pour'd amain, ſhall threat
An univerſal Ruin o'er the Land:

Then

Then haſten to prevent the Storm, allarm
Your Soldiers to the War, and from this Hour
Secure your Herds, and all the Year's Increaſe
Within theſe Walls; if my Prediction's falſe
We yield ourſelves the Victims of your Rage;
If true, be Life and Freedom our Reward,
Moſt equitably earn'd, for ſaving yours.

--The King, who ſaw how confident of Truth
The Prophet ſpoke, with Wonder, and Surprize,
Heard the ſtern Warning of the coming Woe.
Th' immortal Gods, ſaid he, have amply giv'n
You Wiſdom to attone for all your Ills;
Wiſdom, a Bleſſing more divinely great
Than all the Pleaſures that bewitch Mankind!
This ſaid, he gave the Sacrifices o'er,
And iſſued out Commands to rouze his Troops
To War and Battle, and, with timely Care,
Prevent the Miſeries foretold--Now rag'd
Confuſion, with a Waſte of Woe, along
The Lands of Peace; the tender Infant's Cry,
The Woman's Clamour, and the old Man's Groan
Aroſe promiſcuous to the Skies, as Fear
Led on their trembling Footſteps to the Town,
To weep their Woes ſecure behind the Walls.
Drove, from the fatt'ning Meads, the lowing Herds,
And bleating Flocks, amid a Cloud of Duſt,
Were forc'd from Danger; while the dizzy Sounds

Of

Of Fear and Tumult thicken'd all around,
And echo'd to the Clouds: Amid the Throng
Diſtinction was no more, Father, and Friend,
Were Names forgot, and, frantick with its Fears,
Wild Apprehenſion roam'd it knew not where.
- - But, amid all this Dread of burſting Woe,
The wiſer Nobles, doubting the Event,
Fancy'd that Falſhood gloz'd on *Mentor*'s Tongue,
To lengthen out the Number of his Days.

- - - Soon as the third Day's Sun was roll'd from Heav'n,
And Expectation wak'd in ev'ry Heart,
The gray Duſt, riſing round the neighb'ring Hills,
Drove in a Cloud before the ev'ning Breeze;
Behind inumerable Crouds, all arm'd
For Battel, and the Waſte of War, appear'd,
All black, deſcending to the Plains below,
A Length of Ruin! and a Storm of Woe!
Theſe were *Hymerians*, an inhuman Race!
And ſavage Mountaineers th' Inhabitants
Of cold *Nebrode*, and lofty *Agragas*,
Where Winter reigns, and mocks the feeble Sun,
Collecting ev'n his Summer Beams in vain.
--Now thoſe, who had diſdain'd wiſe *Mentor*'s Voice,
And thought his Preſcience vain, with Sorrow ſaw,
Their Cattle, and their Slaves become the Prey
Of the *Barbarian* Hoſts - - On this the King

In-

Invited *Mentor* to the War -- My Friends,
Said he, no longer I eſteem you *Greeks*,
Our Foes are now the Heroes of our Cauſe;
Th'immortal Gods have ſent you to our Aid;
Your Wiſdom ſerv'd us, let your Valour ſave;
Exert your Courage, and begin the War.

The Eyes of *Mentor* ſparkled, while he ſpoke,
With martial Light'ning, with ſo bright a Flame,
That dazzles ev'n the fierceſt Gaze; he takes
A Shield, an Helmet ſhades his Brows, a Sword
Adorns his Side, and, in his Hand, he ſhakes
A mortal Lance: He forms the Soldiers Ranks,
And in their Front advances to the Foe:
Aceſtes, weak with Age, comes ſlow behind;
I trod with equal Step; but, in the Fight,
His Valour was beyond compare; his Helm,
Like the Almighty *Ægis* that adorns
Minerva in the Field, with Terror ſhone
Conſpicuous from afar; where e'er he flew
Death rode upon his Sword, and, wing'd the Edge
With ſure Deſtruction; like a Lion rouz'd
By Rage and Hunger, roaring thro' the Fold,
And ſcatt'ring Ruin thro' the trembling Herd,
He ruſh'd to Slaughter, and with Streams of Blood
Impurpled all the Field -- The *Greeks*, inſpir'd
By his Example, fought with nobler Warmth
Than e'er they knew before; ev'n I was fir'd

To ſearch for Glory in the Midſt of Death,
And met in Arms a ſavage Hero young,
Of Giant Size, deſcended from a Race
Of Giants like himſelf -- He ſcorn'd ſo weak
A Foe, and glory'd in his Strength -- My Lance
Was level'd at his Heart, it flew like Fate,
And forc'd his ſtubborn Soul in Floods of Gore
Away. His Fall was like a Mountain's Weight,
The Bane of all below! thunder'd his Arms
Beneath the Load, and murmur'd to the Hills
The horrid Sound -- Mean time the barb'rous Hoſt,
Which thought, with ſudden Stratagem, to win
Th' ungarded Town, by *Mentor* was o'ercome,
And fled precipitate: But, at their Heels,
Like Juſtice he perſu'd, and fill'd the Woods
With dying Groans, and all the Rage of Death.

-- Such unexpected Aid, ſo great Succeſs,
Procur'd to *Mentor* all the rev'rent Awe
Of one inſtructed by the Gods; the King,
In tender Gratitude, and true Concern,
Leſt to *Sicilia*'s Shores the *Dardan* Fleet
Should ſail anew, preſented us a Bark
To waft us ſafely to our native Land,
With Gold enrich'd us, and with Honours crown'd;
Then bid us haſte away, that unforeſeen
Misfortune ſhould not diſappoint our Aim.
Phenician Seamen, were to guide the Bark,

Who

Who, holding Commerce with remoteſt Climes,
Had, like the *Dardan* Name, no Foes to fear
In *Greece:* Theſe, when we gain'd our native Shore,
Receiv'd Command to turn their Prow, and ſeek
The *Trojan* Port anew; but Heav'n, that ſports
With the Deſigns of Men, had yet prepar'd
Another Period of ſucceeding Woes.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS.*

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *relates his being carry'd Priſoner into* Egypt, *deſcribes the Kingdom, and its Government:* Mentor *ſold into* Ethiopia. Telemachus *a Slave in the Deſart of* Oaſis: Termoſiris, *the Prieſt of* Apollo, *comforts him with the Example of his God:* Seſoſtris, *hearing of his Virtue, ſets him at Liberty, and dies; the new King* Boccoris *impriſons him in a Tower by the Sea-Side, and periſhes himſelf in a Civil War.*

THE *Tyrians*, inſolent with Pride, had dar'd
T' incenſe *Seſoſtris*, *Egypt*'s potent Lord!
A Monarch who had ſtretch'd his Conqueſts wide,
And fill'd th' Orient with his Fame: The Wealth
That

That Commerce wafted to the Shores of *Tyre*,
Its Strength diſdaining all the Rage of Arms,
Its Situation on the Ocean's Verge,
Had rais'd its Pow'r ſo high, that, arrogant,
And vain, its haughty Tribes, with Scorn, refus'd
The yearly Tribute which *Seſoſtris*' claim'd,
When in full Triumph he return'd from War:
Nor this alone, their Troops were arm'd t' aſſiſt
His Brother, who conſpir'd the Monarch's Death,
While off'ring ſolemn Praiſes to the Gods,
For Victory and Peace - - The King, enrag'd
At theſe Affronts, reſolv'd to be reveng'd,
And bid his Navy range the wide Sea round,
Diſturb their Commerce, and deſtroy their Ships.

- - Scarce had *Sicilia*'s Coaſt diſſolv'd like Clouds
Away, and her high Mountains ſunk behind
The Waves, retreating gradual from the Eye,
When, in full View, we ſaw th' *Egyptian* Fleet,
Extending like a City 'thwart the Main,
And floating on the Billows down to us.
Our Seamen, who beheld their Ruin near,
Spread all their Sails to fly, in vain - - for now
The hoſtile Squadron, courted by the Gale,
Prevented all Retreat; our Ship became
Their Prey; and, Captives to their Rage,
We all were hurry'd to th' *Egyptian* Strand.

- - Oft I exclaim'd that no *Phenician* Name
Had made us *Egypt*'s Foes; my Voice was loſt,
Amid the Din of War; they hardly deign'd
To hear a Priſoner ſpeak, eſteem'd us Slaves,
Imbark'd as Traffick to ſome foreign Shores,
And, in their Int'reſt, bury'd ev'ry Thought
Of Reaſon's Dictate, or Compaſſion's Plea.

- - Now ſwell'd the Ocean with a whitiſh Wave,
The *Nile* had dy'd the Billows with her Flood,
And, level with the Deeps, th' *Egyptian* Coaſt
Juſt edg'd the green Sea with a Streak of Land.

- - Anon we anchor'd on the hoſtile Shore,
And, from the Iſle of *Pharos*, ſtemm'd the *Nile*,
'Till *Memphis*, with a Length of Buildings, rang'd
The Borders of the Tide: If the ſharp Pangs
That gall the Captive, had not ſtung our Hearts,
And ſtifled all Capacity of Joy,
With Pleaſure we had view'd this happy Land,
Spread like a Garden, glad'ning ev'ry Eye
With beauteous Proſpects, and a Waſte of Charms:
A thouſand Streams, with fulleſt Current, ran
Perpetual thro' the Meads, and, in their Flow,
Enrich'd the lovely Iſles they made: The Seats
Of private Happineſs, and humble Bliſs,
With intermingled Structures, grac'd the Scene;

Around

Around the yellow Product of the Year
Flouriſh'd luxuriant, glad the Lab'rour bow'd
Beneath the richeſt Fruitage of the Fields;
Wide, o'er the Meadows, roam'd the fleecy Herd,
And, under ev'ry Shade, the Shepherd's tun'd
Their rural Flutes, while, ſoften'd on the Breeze,
Surrounding Echoes breath'd the Strain anew.

--Happy, ſaid *Mentor*, happy are the Realms,
Where Wiſdom dictates to the Monarch's Sway,
Plenty and Eaſe are theirs; the Voice of Joy
Rewards his Virtue with ſincere Applauſe:
Let this Example, O my Prince! direct
You how to reign; be you your People's Joy!
If e'er the Gods have deſtin'd you to fill
Your Father's Throne, let all your Subjects feel
A Father's Love; with Pleaſure learn t'enjoy
Th' Affection of their Souls; and ſmooth the Brow
Of kingly Pow'r, with ſuch indulgent Grace,
That Gratitude may own their Bleſſings all
From you deriv'd--Princes, who only ſtrive
To awe their People with a rig'rous Sway,
And ſink their Spirits with a Weight of Woe,
Are gen'ral Plagues, the Ruin of Mankind!
Terror, 'tis true, attends their hideous Reign,
But Hatred and Contempt lie hid beneath:
Tyrants more juſtly dread the Slaves they rule,
Than they their Tyrants, arm'd with all their Guards.

--Ah

-- Ah *Mentor!* I reply'd, no longer urge
The Fame of Kings, or how I ought to reign;
The Throne of *Ithaca* is now no more,
Our native Land is loſt; we ne'er ſhall ſee
Penelope again: Should my fam'd Sire
Return with Glory, and reſume his Crown,
Th' expected Tranſport, to embrace his Son,
Will ne'er delight his Heart; nor can I hear
From him the Dictates of imperial Sway.
Death is the End of Care; 'tis he alone
Can give us Eaſe: Then let us dare to die,
Since Heav'n, without Compaſſion, hears our Moan.

-- Sighs interrupted my Complaints -- The Sage,
Whoſe early Caution ſtill foreſaw Diſtreſs,
But never trembled when it came, with Brow
All frowning anſwer'd; Weak, unworthy Son
Of wiſe *Ulyſſes!* Can thy Soul ſubmit
To Fortune's Malice, or be ſunk with Woe?
Know that thy native *Ithaca* again
Shall hail thee, circled in thy Mother's Arms;
In all his Glory, you ſhall yet behold
The mighty Hero, your majeſtick Sire,
The Man who triumphs in the Worſt of Ills,
Who, ſtung with Sorrow infinite Degrees
Surpaſſing yours, with Patience infinite
Diſuades you from Deſpair -- Oh! ſhould the Fame

Of

Of his Son's Frailty reach him in the Climes,
Where the rude Winds have toſs'd him far aſtray,
The hideous Tale would cover him with Shame,
And prove the deepeſt Anguiſh he can know.

--He ended here, and bid me turn my Eyes,
T' admire the beauteous Proſpect all around;
The num'rous Cities, and the fertile Fields,
The Wealth, the Happineſs, the Eaſe that ſeem'd
T' adorn the Whole---He prais'd the wholſome Laws
That made Subjection pleaſing: The Redreſs,
Which, with impartial Hand, reliev'd the Poor
From Violence and Wrong; the timely Care
That form'd their Children to the Rules of Life:
Th' Obedience they were taught, their early Toil,
Their Arts, and Learning; the Obſervance due
They paid Religion, and the Rites of Heav'n;
Their noble and diſintereſted Souls,
Their ſtrong Deſire of Fame, and ſtrict Regard
To juſt Morality in all their Deeds.
Happy, cry'd he, how happy are the Realms
Where Wiſdom dictates in the Monarch's Voice?
More happy he, the Monarch, who has giv'n
So great an Happineſs to ſuch a Realm,
And, on his Virtue, wiſely founds his own.
'Tis he that's more than fear'd, for he's belov'd;
All Monarchs are obey'd, but he's obey'd

With

With Tranſport, and the willing Heart of Joy:
He reigns in ev'ry Soul, no injur'd Wretch
Implores his Death: Avoiding ev'ry Wiſh
So dire, all depecrate his End, as their
Moſt dreaded Woe, and gladly, to preſerve
His valu'd Life, would ſacrifice their own.

Attent I liſten'd to my Guardian's Voice,
And, while he ſpoke, found all my former Calm,
And wonted Fortitude of Soul revive.
- - From *Memphis*, we were order'd on to *Thebes*,
Where great *Seſoſtris*, who was much enrag'd
Aginſt the *Tyrians*, would himſelf attend
The Story of our Fate. Again we ſtemm'd
The Flow of *Nile*, 'till mighty *Thebes*, the Court
Of fam'd *Seſoſtris* Empire's proudeſt Seat!
Receiv'd us landing from its muddy Wave.
Stretch'd on the Margin, wide the City ſpread
Her cloudy Skirts, and rear'd her hundred Gates
Around; Millions were pent within her Walls,
And Nations crouded to admire her Wealth.
Juſtice herſelf did Honour to her Rule,
Peace ſmooth'd her crouded Ways, and Neatneſs grac'd
Her Streets; her publick Waters, vaulted o'er,
Roll'd thro' her ſpacious Circuit; all her Baths
Are elegant, 'tis here the Muſes dwell,
And ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Toil is bleſt:

The

The open Squares with Fountains are adorn'd,
And ſtately Obeliſks, the Sculptor's Boaſt!
The Temples, fram'd of Marble, ſimply riſe
In plain Magnificence, and ev'ry Pile
Renowns the Builder's Art. The Monarch's Court,
Tow'rs like a City of prodigious Size;
A Length of marble Columns prop the Frame,
Adorn'd with Carvings, and with Statues crown'd:
Within the Glare of Majeſty appears
In all its Glory; Gold and Silver ſhine
In vaſt Profuſion ſcatter'd all around;
The Wealth ſuprizes, but the Beauty charms.

--*Seſoſtris* was inform'd that we became
The Right of War on board a *Tyrian* Ship:
For, ev'ry Day, there were appointed Hours,
In which he regularly heard, whate'er
His Subjects would propoſe of Wrongs that claim'd
A ſpeedy Vengeance, or Advice to reign:
No Man was e'er rejected, or contemn'd;
He knew that 'twas the Office of a King
To live for common Good, and, on the Throne,
Appear'd a Father circled with his Sons.
Strangers were always welcome to his Court;
He lov'd to do them Honour, and believ'd
The Knowledge of remoter Lands, their Laws,
Their Arts, and Cuſtoms would improve his own.

- - High, on an iv'ry Throne, the Monarch ſate,
And, in his Hand, a golden Sceptre wav'd;
The Snow of Age had fleec'd his Temples o'er,
And giv'n an hoary Rev'rence to his Form;
A Smile of Sweetneſs temper'd ev'ry Glance,
The Glance of Majeſty endear'd by Love!
From Day to Day he breath'd out Equity
With Reaſon's Voice, and heard his People's Plea
With ſuch a patient, and diſcerning Mind,
As, without Flatt'ry, won ſincere Applauſe.
When the Day ended his paternal Cares,
The Ev'ning hail'd him in his private Hours,
Diſcourſing freely with the hoary Sage,
The Choice of Virtue's Sons! - - Thro' all his Reign
No Crime e'er ſullied his deſerv'd Renown,
Unleſs he triumph'd with too vain an Heart,
Amid the Pride of Conqueſt, and too much
Intruſted one, who ill deſerv'd the Grace,
As in my future Fortunes will appear.

- - *Seſoſtris*, who with Pity ey'd my Youth,
And melted at my Woes, enquir'd my Name,
My Country, and my Fate; while we admir'd
The Wiſdom of his Voice. I thus reply'd:

- - Great Prince! the Siege of *Troy*, that ten long
Years

Suc-

Succeſſively employ'd a League of Kings,
And its Deſtruction, red with *Grecian* Blood,
Have doubtleſs reach'd you in the Breath of Fame;
Ulyſſes, one, who, in the foremoſt Rank
Of thoſe united Heroes, boaſts his Name,
Ulyſſes was my Sire; who, wand'ring now
Thro' ev'ry Sea, with fruitleſs Labour ſeeks
The Iſland *Ithaca*, his native Shore,
And where he reigns ſupreme: I ſeek my Sire,
And, groaning with an equal Woe, become
A friendleſs Captive in a foreign Land.
Reſtore me, gracious Monarch! to my Sire,
Permit me to renew my former Toil;
And may the Gods preſerve your ſacred Life
To bleſs your Children; and indear their Hearts,
With growing Pleaſure, to their Parent's Love.

--Still, with Compaſſion's Eye, *Seſoſtris* view'd
My Pain; but, doubting if my Tale was true,
Referr'd our Sentence to a Fav'rite's Pow'r,
With Orders to enquire if we were *Greeks*,
Or if we feign'd the Name: If they are falſe,
If they ſhould prove *Phenicians*, ſaid the King,
My Vengeance ſhall receive a double Weight;
As Foes they ſuffer, but their Fraud deſerves
An heavier Chain -- If they are genuin *Greeks*,
Treat them with mildneſs, favour them as Friends;
From my own Navy let them chooſe a Bark,

And at their Liberty reviſit *Greece:*
I love their Nation, they derive their Laws
From *Egypt*'s learned Store; *Alcides*' Name,
And all his num'rous Toils have reach'd our Shores;
The Valour of *Achilles* hither ſounds
The Trump of Fame; the Wiſdom and the Woes
Of your *Ulyſſes* we have long admir'd,
And mourn'd; my Soul ne'er knows a greater Joy
Than the Relief of Virtue in Diſtreſs.

-- *Metophis*, who was truſted by the King
To aſcertain our Fate, was full of Guile,
Corrupt, and treach'rous; all his venom'd Thoughts
Were rank with Villany; his Vice oppos'd
The Monarch's Virtue; both were in Extreams.

Firſt he eſſay'd to lure us to his Will,
By Queſtions full of Fraud; and, when he found
Superiour Wiſdom flow'd from *Mentor*'s Tongue,
He ey'd him with Averſion and Diſtruſt;
For ev'ry Villain is the good Man's Foe:
Then caus'd us to be ſunder'd, and, from thence,
I ne'er diſcover'd what was *Mentor*'s Fate.

-- This fatal Parting, like the loudeſt Burſt
Of vollied Thunder, ſtruck me to the Soul;
For now *Metophis* deem'd we ſhould betray,
By oppoſite Replies, ſome Secret yet

Un-

Unknown; at leaſt he thought, by flatt'ring Hopes,
To ſteal, from my unguarded Soul, whate'er
The wiſer *Mentor* had conceal'd: Indeed
'Twas not the Voice of Truth he long'd to know,
But only Colour to perſuade the King,
We were *Phenicians* born; that Slaves to Toil,
And him, we might lament our Lives away.

--He gain'd his End, our Innocence was vain,
And vain the Monarch's Wiſdom; Guile prevail'd,
And ev'n the Monarch was deceiv'd--Alas!
How much are Kings expos'd? the Wiſeſt are
Abus'd by Fraud's fallaceous Sons. Good Men
From Courts retire; too humble and ſincere
To flatter Baſeneſs, or preſume on Pride:
In Silence they attend their Prince's Call,
Tho' Princes rarely can diſtinguiſh Worth;
Mean time the bold, bad Man with Inſolence
Preſumes, inſinuates, deceives; he grows
Th' Artificer of Fraud; diſſembles, fawns,
And ſacrifices Conſcience, and Renown,
To ſooth the Paſſions of the Thing that reigns.
How luckleſs is the Monarch thus expos'd
To Artifice, and Guile? 'Tis Ruin courts
Him in the Flatt'rer's Voice; 'tis Glory ſues,
When Honeſty and Truth ſupport his Throne.

Now baſely herded with a Croud of Slaves,

Me-

Metophis ſent me to a Range of Hills,
Amid the burning Deſart, there to waſte
My Life ignobly as a Shepherd Swain,
Inur'd to daily Toil - - Succeſſive Woes
Had now diſarm'd my Soul of all its Pride,
And what I ſcorn'd on the *Sicilian* Shore,
I bore with Patience in the Land of *Nile*:
Indeed the Liberty to chooſe or Death,
Or Servitude, was now no more; I liv'd,
By Force, a Slave, and ſuffer'd all the Rage
Of Fate: Ev'n Hope forſook my ſicken'd Soul,
And Words deny'd their Aid to deprecate
So great a Woe - - *Mentor*, as ſince I've heard
Was ſold to *Ethiopia*, where he liv'd,
Like me, a groaning Slave to foreign Lords.

My Doom was now to dwell amid a vaſt,
And horrid Deſart, ſcorch'd with burning Sands,
And Suns that almoſt fir'd the Waſte o'er which
They roll'd: The Mountain Tops were white with Snow
That ne'er diſſolv'd, and endleſs Winter rul'd
The frozen Air; ſome little Slopes of Green
Were thinly ſcatter'd o'er the rugged Heap,
A ſcanty Paſture for the Flocks to graze!
But, in the mid Deſcent, where the rude Hills,
Abruptly pois'd, ſeem tumbling o'er their Baſe,
Down ſink the Valleys ſo profoundly low,

With

With ſuch a Shadow over hang the Rocks,
That the dun Air ſcarce knows a twilight Beam,
To gild the Horror of the ſavage Gloom.

Theſe Wilds were peopled with a cruel Race,
As ſavage as their Clime - - Here lone I ſpent
The tedious Night, lamenting all my Woes.
By Day I drove my Flock from Shade to Shade,
T' avoid the Maſter-Herdſman's brutal Rage;
Who, to *Metophis*, our imperious Lord,
Accus'd his Brother-Slaves of daily Crimes,
To gain his Freedom, as the due Reward,
Of Services ſo great - - Once, when my Woes
Had almoſt ſunk my Spirit in Deſpair,
My Heart all Anguiſh, and my Muſings Pain;
I left my Flock to wander thro' the Wild
At large, and, on the green Turfe, laid me down,
Beſide a gloomy Cave, expecting Death,
With acceptable Stroke, would end my Woes;
The Woes my Courage was too weak to bear.

- - In that dread Moment, ſudden I perceiv'd
The Mountains tremble, and their Load of Pines
Bend to the Ground without a Blaſt; thro' all
The Air deep Silence reign'd, and ev'ry Breeze
Was ſtill; when, iſſuing from the Cave behind,
I heard an awful Voice that thus began:

-- O Son of wiſe *Ulyſſes!* thy Renown
Muſt like thy Sire's be earn'd; Patience like his
Will raiſe thee high in Fame. Princes, whoſe Lives
Are always happy, ſeldom have deſerv'd
The Happineſs they know; they grow corrupt
With ſenſual Pleaſures, and in Pride of Life
Turn frantick with their Joy. Ev'n future Days
Shall ſee thee happy, if thou darſt o'ercome
Thy preſent Woes; but ne'er forget their Pain.
Again thou ſhalt poſſeſs thy native Shore,
And to the Skies thy Glory ſhall aſcend.
Remember when thou reign'ſt, ſupreme of Men,
That like the Vulgar thou haſt known the Pangs
Of Poverty, Contempt, and ev'ry Woe;
Be then thy Pleaſure to relieve their Wants,
And love thy People with a Father's Love.
Be Flatt'ry baniſh'd from thy Court, and know
That none are truly great, but ſuch who dare
Oppoſe their Paſſions, and be fond of Truth.

-- Theſe heav'nly Words ſtole gently on my Soul,
Reſtor'd my Courage, and renew'd my Joy.
None of that Horror wander'd thro' my Frame,
Which briſtles up the Hair, and chills the Blood,
When th' Immortals deign their Truths to Men.
I chearful roſe, and kneeling on the Earth,
With Hands uplifted to the Skies, ador'd

Mi-

Minerva, the indulgent Pow'r, who gave
Such timely Comfort to my doubting Heart:
That Inſtant all my Soul ſeem'd form'd anew;
Wiſdom enlighten'd ev'ry Thought; I felt
My Paſſions all ſubſiding into Calms,
And Youth corrected in its mid Carreer.

--Henceforth I won the Shepherds to my Lore:
My Patience, Sweetneſs, and induſtrious Toil,
Soften'd, at laſt, the Maſter-Herdſman's Heart,
Inhuman *Butis!* who, with daily Hate,
Had ſtill endeavour'd to increaſe my Pain.

In Love with Knowledge, eager to indulge
My Soul's beſt Faculties, I long'd for Books
To ſooth my ſolitary Hours, and make
Ev'n Servitude half ſenſible of Joy.
Bleſt are the Men! bleſt, and thrice happy they!
Said I, who, weary of the Joys of Senſe,
Place all their Comfort in the quiet Sweets
Of Innocence, and Truth; thrice happy they!
Who make the Love of Wiſdom their Delight:
Who learn with Pleaſure, and are pleas'd to know.
Let Fortune drive them with fantaſtick Wing
O'er all the various Globe, they bear along
Their own Amuſement; and the Share of Pain,
Which others feel amid their greateſt Bliſs,
The Studious never know: Thrice happy they!

Who love to wander o'er the Sage's Toil,
And not, like me, are baniſh'd from the Bliſs.

-- Employ'd in Thoughts, like theſe, I heedleſs roam'd
Along the Wild, and pierc'd the thickeſt Shade;
Where ſudden I obſerv'd a Man in Years,
Who held a Book, the Joy I ſo deſir'd!
His Front was broad and high, and Time had ſhook
The Ringlets from his Head; a Length of Beard,
All white like Silver, wav'd adown his Breaſt;
His Stature roſe majeſtically tall;
His Cheek yet bluſh'd with youthful Red; his Eyes
Still ſparkled, bright and lively; Muſick tun'd
His Voice, and Wiſdom, elegantly plain,
Employ'd his Tongue; I never yet beheld
A Man ſo venerably deck'd with Years.
His Name was *Termoſiris*, *Phebus*' Prieſt.
The Temple where he ſerv'd, of Marble fram'd,
Adorn'd the Grove, and was of old uprear'd,
By *Egypt*'s Kings, in Honour of the God.
His Book contain'd the Labours of the Muſe,
In Praiſe of *Jove*, and all the Sons of Heav'n.

Like Friends we met, and, in Communion ſweet,
Began the pleaſant Hour. Of Actions paſt,
He ſpoke ſo clear, that Fancy, with the Tale,
Kept Pace, and thought the Image in her View.

Yet

Yet ſo conciſe, that, liſt'ning to his Words,
Attention ſate unwearied: Like a God,
By his great Wiſdom, he foreſaw Events
To come; for he had learn'd Mankind; and knew,
By Reaſon's Laws, whatever they deſign:
But Wiſdom ne'er aſſum'd a ſullen Form
In him, or baniſh'd, from his gladſom Cheek,
A ſingle Smile: A Grace, the gayeſt Youth
Could never boaſt, accompany'd his Deeds,
And won Affection to his Years: He lov'd
The Young, and Chearful, who were apt to learn,
And, on their Virtue, founded their Deſire
To know. I ſoon was honour'd with his Love
In eminent Degree, and from his Books
Receiv'd the Comfort I deſir'd --- He call'd
Me Son, and I, with tranſport, oft return'd;
Father! the Gods, who took my former Guide
Away, in lieu of *Mentor*, have beſtow'd
Another Sage, to chear my Solitude,
And methodize my Youth ---Th' Immortals ſure,
Like *Orpheus*, or like *Linus*, had inſpir'd
This holy Prieſt with all the Gifts of Heav'n.

-- Sometimes he read the Verſes he had made,
And ſometimes bleſs'd me with the nobleſt Lays,
That e'er the Fav'rites of the Muſes ſung.

- - When he was deck'd in all his ſacred Robes
Of pureſt White, and tun'd his golden Lyre,
The wildeſt Savages that haunt the Waſte,
The roaring Lion, and the ſurly Bear,
Forſook their Dens, and, liſt'ning to the Strain,
Fawn'd on the ſweet Muſician; round him danc'd
The Wood-land Satyrs, as if *Pan* had touch'd
His *Oaten* Reed, and charm'd them from their
Woods:
The Trees themſelves ſeem'd moving to the Sound;
And the ſoft Echoes, from the neighb'ring Hills,
Return'd the Muſick in a Strain ſo ſweet,
That ev'ry Cavern ſeem'd another Lyre,
And copy'd Harmony from him - - He ſung
The nobleſt Themes; the Majeſty of Heav'n,
The Deeds of Heroes, and the glorious Choice
Of thoſe who ſlighted Pleaſure for Renown!

- - He often ſaid I ought not to deſpair,
And that th' immortal Gods would ne'er forſake
Ulyſſes, or his Son; perſuaded me
To imitate *Apollo*, and incline
The ruſtick Shepherds to adore the Muſe.
The God, ſaid he, reflecting, with Diſdain,
That ev'n the brighteſt Day was often gloom'd
With hideous Tempeſts, whence vindictive *Jove*
Rowl'd his dread Thunder o'er the frighted World,

Re-

Reſolv'd, in Heat of Vengeance, to deſtroy
The *Cyclop* Race who fram'd the fearful Bolts:
With this he ſtrung his fatal Bow, and pierc'd
The Giant Brood with his unerring Darts:
From hence Mount *Ætna* ceas'd its inbred Rage,
And, from its huge Volcano, roll'd no more
A fiery Deluge; Men no longer heard
The hideous Hammers on the Anvil ſound,
And Echo groaning, from its inmoſt Caves,
Ev'n Centre deep, an horrible Return!
The Braſs and Iron, now no longer ſmooth'd
By the laboreous *Cyclops*, ruſted lay,
A formleſs Load! *Vulcan* in Fury leaves
His idle Forge, and, all begrim'd with Smoak,
In bright *Olympus* mingles with the Gods;
To *Jove* he tells the Murther of his Sons,
And claims a ſuitable Revenge: Inrag'd
The Thund'rer drives *Apollo* from the Skies,
A friendleſs Exile in the World below!
His empty Car perform'd its uſual Round,
And gave the Night and Day; the Seaſons chang'd
In due Succeſſion, and preſerv'd the Globe.

- - Mean time *Apollo*, of his golden Beams
Depriv'd, *Admetus* ſerv'd; a Shepherd Swain!
And watch'd the grazing Herds; he touch'd his Lute,
And all the ruſtick Habitants around,
Beneath the Elm-Tree's Shadow, and beſide

The

The floating Silver, liſten'd to his Lays;
To this bleſs'd Period, they had rudely liv'd
A wild, and ſavage Life; they only knew
To tend their Flocks, and ſheer their annual Fleece;
While, round them, bare, uncultivate, and waſte,
Like a void Deſart lay the uſeleſs Glebe.

--But ſoon the God intirely chang'd the Scene,
And learn'd the Shepherds to improve their Joys,
And taſte the pureſt Sweets of rural Life.
He ſung the Bloom of Flow'rs that wak'd their Charms,
To deck the beauteous Garlands of the Spring;
Its lively Greens, and ev'ry od'rous Gale,
That fumes the Seaſon with its balmy Wings:
He ſung the Summer's Eve, when Coolneſs reigns
Around, and gentle *Zephyr* breathes Delight;
When pearly Dews deſcend to damp the Ground,
And green the Earth anew---The Autumn's Wealth,
The golden Harveſt, and the Fruit-Tree's Load
Diverſify'd his Lays, when Plenty pours
Her glad Profuſion o'er the ſmiling World.
The Froſt of Winter next employ'd his Song,
When ſoft Repoſe ſucceeds the Lab'rour's Toil;
When the Youth wanton round the chearful Fire,
And harmleſs Mirth delights the gladſom Hour.
To end the Strain, he ſung the awful Gloom

That,

That browns the wild Wood's Shade, the dancing
Groves
That wave upon the Mountain-Tops -- The Vales,
In beauteous Hollows, ſloping from the Hills,
The winding Rivers ſporting thro' the Meads,
And all the various Charms that recommend
A rural Life, when Nature wins the Heart
To reliſh her ſereneſt Joys -- The Swains
Now tun'd to ſweeteſt Notes their *Oaten* Reeds,
And taſted Pleaſures Kings could never know;
Their humble Cots became the Seat of Bliſs,
Of Bliſs that ſhunn'd the gilded Roofs of Care:
With harmleſs Joy, and unaffected Grace,
The blooming Nymphs tripp'd joyous o'er the Plain,
And felt no Griefs to mourn: With ev'ry Dawn
Their Happineſs began, and ev'ry Hour
Flew pleaſantly away; the warbling Birds,
With native Muſick, tun'd the whiſp'ring Breeze,
The whiſp'ring Breeze, in Concert, wav'd the
Boughs;
The falling Waters murmur'd a Return
Melodious, ſweet the Shepherds rural Strain
Adjoin'd its Harmony, and charm'd the Air
With all the heav'nly Graces of the Muſe:
The Gods themſelves grew jealous of the Joys
That bleſs'd the Shepherds Hours, the rural Life
Appear'd to them more pleaſant than their own;

They

They fear'd th' Event, and call'd *Apollo* back
To repoſſeſs his golden Seat in Heav'n.

- - Let this, my Son, inſtruct you how to bear
Your preſent Pain; ſince ev'n a God was doom'd
To ſuffer Woe like yours: Like him upturn
The Marle, and make a Deſart ſmile; like him,
By Muſick, ſoften ev'ry ruſtick Soul,
And ſhow them Virtue deck'd with all its Charms:
Perſuade them to enjoy the humble Sweets
Of Solitude, the Swains untroubled Bliſs!
A Time will come, my Son, a Time will come,
When you'll lament a Monarch's Cares, and long
To range, at Freedom, o'er the Woods again.

- - Here *Termoſiris* bleſs'd me with a Flute
So ſweetly charming, that the heav'nly Strain,
By Echo wafted thro' the neighb'ring Hills,
Drew all the Swains to wonder at the Sound;
My Voice ſeem'd half divine, my Soul was mov'd,
As by Command from Heav'n, to ſing the Charms
That Nature laviſh'd to adorn the World.
The Days were waſted in a Round of Joy,
And half the Night was raptur'd with our Songs;
In ev'ry Ear profound Attention wak'd,
And Admiration lodg'd in ev'ry Eye:
Vaniſh'd the ſavage Rudeneſs of the Scene,
Smiles gayly dawn'd on ev'ry Cheek, and fled

The

The ſurly Roughneſs from the Shepherd's Brow,
That us'd to add new Horror to the Wild.

-- Oft, at the Temple, where *Apollo*'s Prieſt,
My hoary Friend, perform'd the Rites of Heav'n,
And offer'd Victims at his Patron's Shrine,
The Swains aſſembled with freſh Lawrels crown'd,
In Honour of the God; behind the Nymphs,
With flow'ry Garlands deck'd, in meaſure danc'd,
And brought the ſacred Off'ring to his Fane:
This done, we made a rural Feaſt, compos'd
Of ev'ry timely Fruit the Seaſon gave,
All freſhly gather'd from the Bough: The Turfe
Afforded Seats, the ſpreading Trees a Shade,
A Shade more pleaſant than the Roofs of Kings!

One Day, as muſing by my Flocks I lay,
A hungry Lion ruſh'd amid the Herd,
And, in a Moment, bath'd his Jaws in Blood;
My Crook was all my Arms, yet I advanc'd
With Courage to oppoſe his Rage: On this
The wrathful Savage with erected Mane,
And gnaſhing Teeth, unſheath'd his dreadful Claws,
And hideouſly diſclos'd his monſt'rous Phangs;
His blood-ſhot Eye-Balls ſeem'd to flame with Fire,
And with his Tail he furious laſh'd his Sides:
I ſeiz'd his Throat, and threw him on the Ground,
The Coat of Mail, th' *Egyptian* Shepherds wore,

Preſerv'd my Body from his cruel Gripe:
Thrice I o'erturn'd him on the Turfe, and thrice,
Fright'ning the Woods, with his tremendous Roar,
He roſe with double Rage inflam'd: At laſt
I graſp'd him with a Hand ſo ſtrong, that down
He fell convuls'd in Death, and fruitleſs ſpurn'd
The Sand. The Herds-men, who from far beheld
The Combat, deck'd me with his ſhaggy Hide,
To wear, in Triumph, as the Spoils of War.

-- The Rumour of this Deed, and what a Change
Had happen'd in the Wild, ſpread far and wide
Thro' all th' *Egyptian* Land: *Seſoſtris* heard
The wond'rous Tale, and that a Captive, ſeiz'd
As a *Phenician*, had reſtor'd, amid
Th' inhoſpitable Waſte, the golden Age:
He long'd to ſee me, for he lov'd the Muſe,
And felt his noble Spirit touch'd with Joy,
To ſee his Subjects happy. His Command,
At laſt, redeem'd me from the lonely Waſte;
I waited at his Throne anew, he heard
Me ſpeak with Pleaſure, and, with Horror, ſaw
His Fav'rite's Guilt; whoſe aviritious Soul
Had made me ſuffer ſuch a Length of Woe;
He doom'd him to conſume his future Life
Amid the Dungeon's Gloom, and ſeiz'd his Wealth,
The Gain of Rapine, and the Hire of Vice!
As the juſt Forfeit of his impious Deeds.

-- How

--How wretched, he exclaim'd, how wretched's he
Who o'er his Fellow-Creatures proudly reigns?
With his own Eye how ſeldom he diſcerns
The Truth? An intereſted Croud ſurround
Him with an artful Shade, and hourly toil
To lure him into Woe; Ambition veils
Its lordly Hopes beneath the Patriot's Zeal,
And Av'rice meanly hides its baſe Deſires,
In fond Affection for the Monarch's Fame;
Ev'n Flatt'ry labours to be thought ſincere,
And in the Smiles of Villany betrays.

--Hence forward, Friendſhip, from a Monarch's Hand,
Suſtain'd my Hopes; a Monarch who reſolv'd
To arm a potent Navy in my Cauſe,
That ſad *Penelope* might mourn no more
Her Hours, tormented with injurious Vows:
The Fleet lay ready with its Sails unfurl'd,
And ſwelling with the Gale; our Thoughts were fill'd
With happy Fortune, and a Train of Joys;
I wonder'd at th' uncertain Wheel of Life,
And Fortune's fickle Reign: From Servitude,
And ev'ry Sorrow, in a Moment, rais'd
To Happineſs, and Eaſe, I vainly deem'd
My fondeſt Wiſhes would ſucceed; I hop'd

Ulyſſes now might, crown'd with Joy, return
To bleſs his native Iſle; that *Mentor*, loſt
In ſavage *Ethiopia*'s fartheſt Wild,
Again would bleſs me with his friendly Cares.

-- But, while I waited to enquire his Fate,
My Friend, *Seſoſtris*, who was worn with Toil,
And ſunk in Years, like an exhauſted Lamp,
Fell ſudden in the Arms of Death; and left
Me helpleſs, plung'd in all my former Woes.

All *Egypt* deeply ſorrow'd for his Loſs,
And ev'ry Tribe, with never-ceaſing Groans,
Bewail'd him as their Patron, Father, Friend,
No more -- With Hands uplifted to the Skies,
The rev'rend Sons of Age aloud exclaim'd,
The Land of *Nile* before was never bleſt
With ſuch a King, nor ſhall her lateſt Years
Enjoy his like again: Oh! Why ye Gods
Was he allow'd to live, if doom'd, at laſt,
Like vulgar Names, to die? Why are our Days
Prolong'd when great *Seſoſtris* is no more?
The young Men cried, the Hope of *Egypt*'s loſt;
Her Glory's vaniſh'd like a Dream away:
Our Fathers liv'd in Happineſs beneath
His tender Rule, but we have only known
His Worth, to feel more ſenſibly his Loſs.
The Day and Night, thro' their alternate Rounds,
Were

Were Witneſs to his Servant's Tears; and, when
His Fun'ral Rites began, while forty Days
In deepeſt Sable mourn'd, the People throng'd,
From *Egypt*'s fartheſt Bound, to wail their King,
To view his dear Remains, and, in their Souls,
Preſerve the laſt Idea of his Form:
Ev'n ſome, grown weary of the World, when he,
Its chiefeſt Bleſſing! was forever gone,
Preſt to their Monarch's Grave, reſolv'd to die
Upon his Herſe, and with his Duſt decay.

--His Son, *Bocchoris*, who was next to reign,
Enlarg'd the gen'ral Grief; for his mean Soul
Felt no Compaſſion for a ſtranger Gueſt,
Ne'er form'd one Wiſh for Knowledge, ne'er eſteem'd
Deſerving Men, nor panted with Deſire
Of Fame: The Grandeur of his noble Sire
Had wholly render'd him unfit to reign;
His Education was undone by Eaſe,
Luxurious Softneſs, and tyranick Pride:
He look'd on Men as Things ſo meanly low,
That he diſdain'd their Name, and thought himſelf
Of a ſuperiour Kind; his Thoughts were all
Intent to gratify his baſe Deſires,
And waſte the Treaſures, which his frugal Sire
Had us'd ſo wiſely for the publick Good;
T' oppreſs his Subjects, feed his cruel Soul

With

With Acts of Horror, and a Scene of Blood;
To love the Flatt'ries of a fawning Tribe,
That, vain, and fooliſh, worſhip'd round his Throne,
And treat the prudent Voice of hoary Age,
Grown gray in Wiſdom, and his Father's Love,
With villanous Contempt - - No more a King,
He ſeem'd a Monſter in the publick Eye,
And *Egypt* groan'd beneath his rig'rous Sway:
The Virtue of his Sire ſtill aw'd the Realm,
And calm'd the People in the Midſt of Woe;
But ſtill he ruſh'd to Ruin with a mad
Career, and with ſuch Scenes of Guilt defil'd
The Throne, that ev'n the Virtue of his Sire,
For ſuch a Wretch, appear'd too weak a Guard.

- - No more I now expected to return
To *Ithaca*'s forbidden Iſle; I loſt
My Liberty, when good *Seſoſtris* dy'd,
And, in a Tow'r, that near *Peluſium*, juts
Upon the Ocean's Verge, bewail'd my Fate.
Metophis, by his artful Wiles was freed,
And won the Favour of the youthful King;
'Twas he that, in Revenge for his Diſgrace,
Involv'd me in this new Abyſs of Woe.
The Days, the Nights, alternate rolling round,
Beheld the penſive Languor that o'erwhelm'd
My Soul: What *Termoſiris* in the Wild
Foretold, that Voice that iſſued from the Cave,

Ap-

Appear'd as Dreams to my diſtemper'd Thought.
The Waves that, rudely roaring in their Fall,
Beat on my Dungeon's Baſe, was the ſad Scene
Preſented to my View; my anxious Hours
Were ſpent contemplating the toſſing Barks
That, drove by madding Tempeſts, paſs'd along
Endanger'd by the lurking Rocks below;
Yet not with pitying Glance I view'd their Toil,
I thought thoſe happy that were thus diſtreſs'd;
For Death, ſaid I, muſt either end their Woes,
Or ſoon they will review their native Strand,
And think of Grief no more -- But I, alas!
Deſpair of either, and lament in vain.

-- While thus the tedious Moments roll'd away,
A mighty Navy, like a floating Wood,
Roſe on the Surge, and cover'd o'er the Main;
Its Sails all belly'd with the Wind, with Oars,
Innumerable, it provok'd the Flood,
And foam'd the Ocean round: The Air was fill'd
With Murmurs all confus'd; thick on the Shore
I ſaw th' *Egyptians* hurry to their Arms
Divided; ſome embattling on the Fields,
And ſome, with Joy, receiving from their Ships
The foreign Troops to Land: I ſoon diſcern'd
That *Cyprus* and *Phenicia* jointly form'd
This formidable Fleet (for now my Woes
Had made me ſkillful in the Seaman's Art)

And,

And, at the View, my boding Soul divin'd
The fooliſh Monarch, by his impious Deeds,
Had rouz'd his People to a Civil War.

Now, from the Tow'r mine Eyes were entertain'd
With the dire Proſpect of a bloody Fray;
Th' *Egyptians*, who had join'd the ſtranger Hoſt,
Attack'd their Brethren, oppoſite in Arms,
Ev'n tho' their Monarch in the Front appear'd,
And by his great Example, urg'd them on
To all the Rage of War: Like *Mars* he look'd
All Terror; Streams of Blood imbrued his Arms,
His Chariot Wheels were dy'd all hideous o'er
With clotted Crimſon; Heaps of ſlaughter'd Men,
On each Side fall'n, incumber'd all his Road:
Anger and Pride inflam'd his youthful Face,
But, on his Brow, Deſpair was grav'd; his Arm
Was full of Vigour, and his Stroke was Death;
Like the hot Courſer, beautiful in Rage,
Ungovernably wild, he ruſh'd, impetuous on,
To Danger, but could ne'er, with Caution, rule
His headlong Valour; ne'er, with Prudence, mend
The leaſt Miſcarriage, give one juſt Command,
Foreſee one threaten'd Ill, or range his Troops
In fit Array: He wanted not a Soul,
Or Genius, equal to the nobleſt Deed;
His Knowledge and his Courage were alike

Su-

Supream; but his fierce Heart had ne'er been tam'd
By ſtern Adverſity: His Tutors ſooth'd
His Thoughts to Ruin, by their flatt'ring Words
Of pleaſing Poiſon: Pow'r and Pleaſure join'd,
Had, with a giddy Phrenzy, touch'd his Brain;
He fancied his Deſires ſhould be indulg'd
Without a Bound; who e'er oppos'd his Will,
Inrag'd his Heart; his Reaſon left her Throne,
And, like a Savage, Pride had made him wild.
His faithful Servants fled before his Wrath,
And Flatt'rers only, who extoll'd his Crimes,
Remain'd; hence all his Reign was one Extream
Of Ill, by ev'ry virtuous Man deſpis'd,
And mourn'd. His raging Valour long ſuſtain'd
Him in the Fight, amid a Multitude
Of Foes; at laſt, by Numbers over-borne,
He greatly fell: I ſaw him fall, and die.
A brave *Phenician*'s Arrow pierc'd his Heart,
The Reins forſook his Hand, down from his Seat
He tumbled on the Field, and, o'er his Coarſe,
His fiery Courſers roll'd the empty Car:
A *Cyprian* Soldier, at a ſingle Blow,
His Head lopt off, and, rearing it on high,
Wav'd it in Triumph o'er the Victor Hoſt.

--His bloody Viſage ſtill affrights my View,
With Eyes extinguiſh'd in their Urns, his Cheek
All pale, and writh'd with Agony aſide;

His Mouth half open, ſtriving ſtill to ſpeak,
A fierce, and threat'ning Air, which Death, in vain
Had labour'd to efface; this Image ne'er
Will vaniſh from my View, and, if the Gods
Permit me ſtill to reign, I hence ſhall learn
No King is worthy of Command, or can
Be bleſs'd with Pow'r, unleſs his own Deſires
Submit to Reaſon's Voice; that 'tis Exceſs
Of Woe to reign ſuperiour o'er the World,
To be a Monarch form'd for publick Good,
Yet live and reign an univerſal Curſe.

The End of the Second BOOK.